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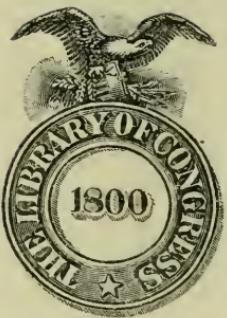
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# THE SAME MAN

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# The Same Man

16009.

A Comedy Sketch in One Act

By  
LIDA L. COGHLAN

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BOSTON  
WALTER H. BAKER & CO.  
1909

# The Same Man

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## CHARACTERS

GLADYS, *engaged to Harry.*  
ETHEL, *engaged to Harold.*

Modern Costumes.

TIME IN PLAYING.—Twenty minutes.

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# The Same Man

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SCENE.—*Sitting-room in the Farrel home. Gladys looking out of the window.*

GLADYS. I do wish Ethel would come ; I can hardly wait. I am so anxious to tell her about dearest. Won't she be surprised ? I hope she won't be jealous ; it was her jealousy that spoiled our trip to the mountains last summer. That's the reason I chose South Haven when I heard that she was going to White Bear. (*Bell rings.*) There she is, dear old girl ! (*Opens her locket and looks at the picture inside.*) Now, dearest, you must not be angry because I kiss Ethel ; remember, she is my old college chum and I am going to tell her all about you. (*Kisses the picture and closes the locket.*)

ETHEL (*outside*). Are you there, Gladys ?

(*GLADYS hastens to open the door ; the two girls rush into each other's arms and kiss each other rapturously. Simultaneous cries of " You dear, darling old girl ! I'm so glad to see you." More kisses.*)

GLADYS. Now, dearie, take off your hat and sit right down in this rocker. I've got oceans and oceans to tell you and I want to see your sweet face while I am talking.

ETHEL (*taking the long pins from her hat*). And I've got pages and pages to tell you, dear, a real novel. The cutest, sweetest novel you ever read : and somebody is the heroine. (*Archly.*) Somebody that Gladys knows real well and loves dearly, too.

GLADYS (*teasing*). Not Ethel ?

ETHEL (*blushing*). Yes, Ethel. Would you ever believe it ? It's just too lovely for anything.

GLADYS. My news is something like a novel, too, only ever so much sweeter ; and I wouldn't be surprised if Ethel knew my heroine. (*Both girls jump up, catch hold of hands and*

kiss each other, crying, "Oh! isn't it just too sweet for anything?" Let us talk about our trip first and the other people we met and save our precious secrets until the last.

ETHEL. Oh! yes, let's do that; it will be so much more sensible. Do you know Harold says that is what first attracted him to me; I seemed so sweet and sensible. He said he was awfully tired of these frivolous girls.

GLADYS. That's like Harry; he thinks I'm *so* sensible. He says he never *could* fall in love with one of those silly, doll-baby girls who think of nothing but their clothes and the boys. Let's hurry and talk about our trip; it won't take long and I'm just dying to tell you about dearest. (*Hesitates and looks confused.*) His name is Harry, but I call him dearest and—he calls me sweetheart.

ETHEL (*catching GLADYS' hand*). Isn't it beautiful? Now, Harold calls me his Alter Ego and I call him my Alpha and Omega. You know, dear, he is my first *real* love and I am sure he will be my last.

GLADYS (*trying to keep their agreement*). You see, I went to South Haven with mother and Aunt Jane. There was nobody we knew aboard, but early in the afternoon a drummer got on. He was a perfect swell, and awfully good-looking. He tried his best to flirt with me, but Aunt Jane watched us like a hawk. But I was awfully glad we didn't flirt: Harry just *hates* a flirt.

ETHEL. Oh! I had a perfectly lovely time going to White Bear. I met a young doctor; he was going to visit relatives in St. Paul. We had quite a nice time together and got to be *real* good friends; in fact, I really think the doctor was a tiny bit sweet on me and I liked him ever so much, but after I met Harold I never gave him another thought. You know I had been at the lake a month when Harold came.

GLADYS. We had beautiful rooms, a sitting-room and two bedrooms. The sitting-room window looked down on the lawn; there was a big swing there and Harry would sit in that swing and read the whole afternoon. I used to peep at him from behind the curtains, he looked so handsome sitting there. He always wore a light suit, and he has such a *lovely* complexion and the prettiest golden hair you ever saw.

ETHEL (*interrupting*). Is your Harry a blond?

GLADYS (*proudly*). A perfect blond.

ETHEL. My Harold is a blond too. Oh! Gladys, isn't it lovely? And Harold has the most beautiful forehead and

the straightest nose and the heavenliest blue eyes. I just wish you could see him.

GLADYS. Harry has blue eyes, such kind, tender eyes; but they always look a little sad. When I first met him I was sure that he had been disappointed in love. After we were engaged I asked him why he looked so sad. He said that he had never known a real happy day until he met me. Then he told me about his sister Harriet; she was his twin sister and had been an invalid all her life; she died last summer. He said that it just broke his heart, he felt that he never *could* speak to a young girl again. He looked so sad when he was telling me about his sister that I just cried and cried. Then he comforted me so gently and talked so sweet about living a good life so that we would be worthy to meet our loved ones hereafter. Sometimes I feel so unworthy of the love of such a good man.

ETHEL. I have often felt that way about Harold. He—poor boy!—is an orphan; he has no remembrance of his parents, never had a brother or sister; in fact, has no living relatives. He was always telling me how grateful he was for my love, saying that I could not imagine what it meant to him to know that one true heart rejoiced when he was glad and grieved when he was sorrowful. Oh! Gladys, isn't it lovely to think that we, just two ordinary girls, should be so much to two such noble men? I *do* wish you could see Harold. I have no picture of him except a little stamp picture which I have here. (*Pulls out her watch.*)

GLADYS. Isn't that a new watch, Ethel?

ETHEL. Yes, father sent it to me for my birthday; I received it the very day I first saw Harold. Of course I gave him my photo, and just before we left White Bear I begged for one of his. He had these taken in St. Paul—you know he goes to St. Paul every day on business—and he pasted it in the back of my watch with his own dear hands. No one has seen it yet, nor have I told any one of our engagement. I wanted to tell my sweet secret to you first and I wanted you to be the first one to see my Harold's pictured face.

GLADYS (*kissing her*). You dear old girl! I have only a stamp picture of Harry, and he put it in my locket. Do you know, Ethel, I always kiss it good-morning and good-night. (*Opens the locket and looks at the picture.*) This little picture and his dear, dear letters are my only comfort while we are separated.

ETHEL. I feel the same about Harold. He writes me twice

a week—such *lovely* letters. I get a letter every Wednesday and Saturday, and I write him on Thursdays and Sundays.

GLADYS. I get a letter from Harry every Tuesday and Friday, and I answer on Wednesday and Saturday. You know we can't exchange letters more often than that; it takes twenty-four hours for a letter to come from St. Paul, and you have to allow for delivery.

ETHEL (*surprised*). Why, Harold lives in St. Paul, too. I wonder if they know each other?

GLADYS. Wouldn't it be lovely if they did? Oh! wouldn't it be *beautiful* if they were chums, just as we are?

ETHEL (*clasping hands with GLADYS*). And could talk to each other about us just as we talk about them. Let us write and ask them, then if they are not acquainted they can call on each other. I am sure they would like that.

GLADYS. Of course they would.

ETHEL. Now let me see Harry's picture.

GLADYS. You show me Harold's.

ETHEL. Now that isn't fair. I asked you first.

GLADYS. I'll tell you what. Let us shut our eyes and exchange pictures. I'll give you my locket and you give me your watch. Then we'll count ten and both open our eyes at the same time.

ETHEL. All right, that's fair enough.

GLADYS. Let us go over to the window where we'll get a good light on the pictures. (*They go to the window, close their eyes and exchange pictures. They count, slowly at first, then more rapidly, until they have counted ten. Both girls open their eyes, look closely at the picture, then with a simultaneous cry of astonishment, "Gladys! Ethel!" both drop their hands and face each other. GLADYS angrily.*) How dare you carry Harry's picture in your watch?

ETHEL (*more angrily*). And how dare you wear Harold's picture in your locket?

GLADYS. You're a mean, hateful thing! you are jealous because *I* have a lover. You stole Harry's picture and made up your story just to separate us. Oh! I'm on to your tricks, Ethel Browne.

ETHEL (*scornfully*). Are you, indeed? No doubt you, yourself, are guilty of the plot of which you accuse me. I have heard it said somewhere that it takes a thief to suspect an honest man. I suppose that is equally true of a woman.

GLADYS. I'll have you know, Miss Browne, that *I* don't

make up stories, which is just the same as telling lies. My mother taught me better than that.

ETHEL. Of all the impudence I ever heard, that is the worst. *My* mother is just as much, if not more of a lady than yours, Gladys Farrell, and she taught me to be truthful. I wouldn't tell a lie for all the men in the world, no I wouldn't; not even to save myself from being *hung*. So there!

GLADYS (*scornfully*). Do you mean to tell me that this (*picking up the watch*) is *not* the picture of Harry Curtis, the man to whom I am engaged?

ETHEL (*taking the watch*). This is the picture of Harold Curtis, the man to whom *I* am engaged.

GLADYS. Curtis! Harold Curtis, of St. Paul?

ETHEL. That is what I said.

GLADYS. Harry Curtis came to South Haven the second day of July and left there the first of August. He had a month's vacation: during that time he made love to me, was my constant companion, and when he left there I was his promised wife.

ETHEL. Harold Curtis came to White Bear the second of August; he spent every evening in my company, and when I left there, the third of September, I was his promised wife.

GLADYS (*with tears in her voice*). Oh, Ethel! we have both—been—deceived!

ETHEL (*weeping*). Oh, Gladys! you don't mean that Harold—that Harry—that he—that they—

GLADYS (*also weeping*). Yes, I do mean just that. It's as plain—as the—nose—on my—face.

(*ETHEL leans back in the armchair with her hands over her face; GLADYS throws herself on the divan with her face buried in the pillows. Both girls weep hysterically.*)

ETHEL (*going over and kneeling beside the divan*). Forgive me—Gladys—for saying—you were—impudent.

GLADYS (*raising her head*). And forgive me—for saying—that—you—made—it up. And Ethel—Harry *wasn't*—handsome—and his—hair—was almost—red. (*More tears.*)

ETHEL. And Harold—had—a pug nose—and his eyes—were—green.

GLADYS (*sitting up*). I just wish I had them, I mean him, here. I would just tell him a thing or two; I would.

ETHEL (*wiping her eyes*). I just hate them, I mean him.

GLADYS. Me, too. What can we do to get even with them, I mean him?

ETHEL. Suppose we exchange. You answer Harold's letter and let me answer Harry's.

GLADYS. Oh! yes, and I'll tell Harold about my friend, Ethel Browne, and you tell Harry about your friend, Gladys Farrell.

ETHEL. Then he'll think that *we* have been flirting, too. Gladys, dear, you are always clever.

GLADYS. But, dearie, *you* thought of it first. I just added to your idea.

ETHEL. Did he give you a ring?

GLADYS (*laughing*). Yes, but I don't believe it's real gold. (*Puts her hand up to her nose.*) It smells kind of brassy

(*Both laugh.*)

ETHEL. I really believe mine came from the ten cent store. (*Takes it off and throws it on the floor. Both girls laugh heartily.* ETHEL picks up the ring and hands it to GLADYS.) And I believed him when he said it was a diamond of the first water.

GLADYS (*laughing*). Weren't we silly?

ETHEL (*still laughing*). He told me it had been in his family a hundred years.

GLADYS. He told me the same thing.

(*Throws herself in the armchair; leans her head back.*

ETHEL drops onto the divan, and peal after peal of laughter rings through the room.)

ETHEL. Gladys, is your heart broken?

GLADYS. Not a bit of it. I am sure I like Charlie Welton best, after all. I believe I'll call him up and ask him to come over after supper.

ETHEL. Won't he rush! Say, Gladys, suppose you call up Dick Holland and tell him I am home.

GLADYS (*teasing*). It won't be necessary to tell him anything else. (*Goes to the telephone and calls.*) Delmar 2652. Hello! Is this Mr. Welton? Yes, this is Gladys. Oh! I got home last week. You see I've been real busy, and then—I thought you might come around and inquire if I was home. In fact I rather expected you. (*Listens for a moment, laughs softly and shakes her hand at ETHEL.*) No, I'm not really

angry, just a tiny bit disappointed ; but I'll forgive you, and—Charlie,—if you will come out this evening—that is, of course, if you have no other engagement. (*Listens again.*) No, I wouldn't have you *break* an engagement just to come out to see *me*. Not important? with Dick? Oh ! tell him that Ethel is home. (*Laughs.*) That's different, isn't it? Wait a minute and I'll ask her ; yes, she's here. (*Turns laughingly to ETHEL.*) Will you be home this evening? Yes, Ethel will be home, and Charlie—if you come over this evening I know a girl who will be *real* glad to see you. (*Listens laughingly.*) No jollying now ;—all right, I'll expect you. Good-bye.

ETHEL. I guess the home boys are good enough for us, even if they can't tell such beautiful fairy tales.

GLADYS. You know Charlie always comes early ; suppose we walk over to see you.

ETHEL. All right.

GLADYS. And, Ethel, you come over in the morning and we'll answer those letters, then we'll take all their, I mean *his* other letters and the rings and pictures—I guess we can scrape them out—and make a bonfire, and that will end Mr. Curtis of St. Paul.

ETHEL (*seriously*). Oh ! Gladys, suppose we *hadn't* been chums and hadn't told each other.

GLADYS. We won't suppose anything of the kind. (*Puts her arm about ETHEL.*) We *are* chums and we'll never again let an insignificant, red-haired, pug-nosed, freckle-faced numbskull come between us.

ETHEL (*giggling*). After all it was a lark.

GLADYS. But we didn't know it at the time. I should rather call it an experience.

ETHEL. An experience which *we* will never tell.

GLADYS. Never.

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BETSEY ROSS.	
TROUBLES }	
CHLOE MINERVA }	
DASSY }	<i>Slaves</i>

*Guests for the Sewing-Bee in Act I, and for the Ball in Act III.*

### SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—Philadelphia. In the garden at Madam Mayfields. Afternoon late in the month of May.

ACT II.—Scene I. At the old cabin. Sunset time. July Fourth.

Scene II. The home of Betsey Ross. A morning of early Autumn.

ACT III.—Trenton. The hall of the ballroom. Christmas night.

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